THE EXAMINER.

No. 231 SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1812.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. SWIFT.

No. 225.

STATE OF PARTIES, AS AFFECTING THE MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The state of parties, just now, presents an aspect that is not only exceedingly rare, but almost unprecedented in English history. It is this;—that between the indifference or hopelessness of the people on one hand, and the hampered irresolution of the PRINCE on the other, they are so balanced or held in suspense as to have no predominance on any side:—the people, generally speaking, have no choice; and the PRINCE does not know how to make one.

If there were any mode however of ascertaining the opinion of the community on this extraordinary occasion,—or rather if there were any mode of compelling them to think about it in order to express an opinion,—it is probable that the general bias would lean towards those persons, who without having been engaged in the violent prejudices of any party, have inclined towards the liberal and popular side of things, and formed the connecting chain between the Whigs and Reformists,—such men, for instance, as Lords LANSDOWNE and HOLLAND, Messrs. WHITBREAD, BROUGHAM, &c. These persons in fact, are hardly to be called Whigs any longer,—at least not in the modern and obnoxious sense of the word. If they are, they may be called popular and reforming Whigs in opposition to the aristocratical and anti-reforming ones, that constitute the inconsistent, supercilious, and unimportant junto of the GREYS and GRENVILLES. It is true, the *majority* of the party have formerly been a little more implicated in the sad doings of modern Whiggism than the people would wish to recollect; but they have had so many lessons of late, and suffered so wholesome an adversity from Court ingratitude, that their public spirit has revived, and every day brings them into closer contact with the professed Reformers. Messrs. WHITBREAD and BROUGHAM in particular are Foxites in no other sense than as general admirers of Mr. Fox's opinions: the former has always preserved an unpolluted independence in the midst of the official hankerings and enjoyments of his friends; and the latter, who merely made his entrance into public life in the Whig train, has lately identified himself with the most prominent advocates of Reform. Circumstances have made me acquainted with Mr. BROUGHAM in his legal capacity, (an introduction, by the bye, for which I have to return my thanks to the PRINCE REGENT, though he did not manage it very gracefully)—and I may be allowed to say,—speaking, of course, as a public writer, whose business it is to form judgments, and not as an humble individual, who understands the deference that becomes him,—that I do not conceive a man to exist of a larger mould or a more English cast of mind,—one who has a quicker insight into the detail of things with a more general eye to the whole, or who can more effectually bring to a talent for business all the liberal thinking of his times,—powerful without effort, and striking without an atom of affectation. These are not the men however to recommend themselves to misguided Princes; and in proportion as the Whigs become worthier of influence, they are most likely fated to lose it.

The influence of the Pittites would act upon a proportion directly the reverse, if they could possibly manage it; but something like a leading intelligence is absolutely necessary for the furtherance of any party, whatever facilities are afforded to their progress in every other respect; and as this is no longer to be found among them, the servants of Mr. PERCEVAL, that is to say, the second-hand servants of Mr. PITT, must now be content to sink into Antijacobin Clubbists and Pittite Anniversary-men, drinking with tenfold sensibility the health of "greatness now no more," and having no voice left them till some measure in favour of the Catholics shall give a new fillip to their faculties, and rouse them again into the nasal twang of "No Popery." The late melancholy accident is supposed to have been the sole cause of this remarkable change in the importance of the Pittites; but it is a great mistake. The death of Mr. PERCEVAL only anticipated a downfall, which was prevented by nothing but the lingering influence of the old Court. That influence itself is now threatened with extinction by the necessity of resorting to persons out of it's vortex, though it will still have a certain effect as long as it's members survive; and whatever may be the strange persons on whom the Sovereign may chuse to repose himself hereafter, the end of the old Court will be the extinguisher of the last spark of Pittism. The cause, I am persuaded, lost a great many of it's old, staid admirers, when the men who were supposed to serve his MAJESTY out of pure affection for his better habits, were found as eagerly bowing and scraping before the sad rake who succeeded him; and among admirers of a very different description, equal havoc was made by the Orders in Council, which would most likely have effected an entire revolution ere long among the oldest supporters of the system,—the money-getters. I say nothing of the loss of credit which it had long been sustaining among persons who could at all see for themselves, and who beheld it's continual want of success in foreign affairs. With the exception of Mr. PITT himself, it never had any strength of it's own; it lived by the fears and prejudices of the Court, and the money-making spirit of the landed and commercial classes, and as these withdraw from under it, it is deserted

of all actual ground. Mr. Ryder hinted to us the other day a mysterious something about the qualifications of my Lord Liverpool for a Minister, and asserted that Mr. Pitt pronounced him equal or superior to any individual of the Opposition except Mr. Fox:—as to the former part of this representation, his Lordship, it must be admitted, is just as qualified to be a Minister as Mr. Ryder is to know what a Minister ought to be; but to the assertion respecting Mr. Pitt's opinion of his Lordship, nothing, I think, need be answered, except that that great man was apt to drink a little too much, and that it is possible, under the influence of a fifth bottle, he might have uttered some such thing by way of being extravagantly merry.—I did not think he could be so droll; but there is no comprehending these grave official men:—some of them are the greatest wags, and others—the—greatest—fools that are to be found under the sun.

Upon the late discovery of the utter impotency of the remaining Ministers to carry on the Government by themselves, it was found necessary to have recourse to some other party, equally removed from the unaccommodating spirit of the Aristocratic Whigs, from the popular spirit of the Whig Reformists, and from the mechanical insufficiency of the Cabinet itself; and application was made accordingly to the Marquis Wellesley and Mr. Canning,—statesmen, who with proper feeling enough not to allow them to be servile followers of a Ministry, had nevertheless a sufficient share of the courtliness and pride of high life to make them acceptable to illustrious personages.—If it was difficult however for such men to serve under Mr. Perceval, it was not at all likely that they would enlist in the service of his retainers;—the negociation, as we have seen, concluded in nothing:—and as the Wellesley and Canning Party are too many to leave such Ministers in quiet possession, and too few to oust them entirely, the Cabinet has since remained in the condition of an untenanted house, the present possessors being only so many household people left in it to shew the premises. It is pleasant to recollect the farce of that exhibition. For the first day or two they affected to live in the drawing-room, and to busy themselves about letting it with a certain air of proprietorship; but the lookers-in put them out of countenance with the ill-concealed drollery of their surprise, and they now live as they ought to do, and make very respectable doorkeepers. We have enough of Low Life Above Stairs in other quarters of the Court, without the addition of their threadbare and dirty livery.

In this suspension of things, the Prince finds himself in a much more awkward and unpromising situation than the People; for let the eventual change be what it may, they have the satisfaction of knowing that it cannot be for the worse, while his Royal Highness, having pertinaciously and mysteriously [illegible] to the incompetent party, finds himself [illegible] to make overtures to a number of [illegible] and cast off. Whatever [illegible] in the first instance which he felt at having the late Ministers forced upon him, it must be clear, I think, to the commonest observer of character, that he would have been much more at his ease in retaining them now, than in finding the necessity of the case so strangely inverted. In the former instance, he would have given a million of money to be allowed his own choice out of his early friends; in the latter (so terrible are the mortifications to which a disingenous and embarrassed conduct exposes a man!) he would give as much perhaps to have no choice at all, or indeed to be forced upon any resort rather than be pushed forward by these galling necessities to shake hands with this old acquaintance, and be looked in the face by that old acquaintance, while the eyes of the parties express unutterable things, and the very atmosphere about him seems full of an aching consciousness. Besides, his Royal Highness by this time must have discovered something extremely pleasant in the acquiescing disposition and undisturbing mediocrity of such persons as my Lord Liverpool and Mr. Ryder;—his intellect felt itself at his ease in their society: they had no perplexing questions to ask him, no opinions to broach that required discussion, no style of conversation that set his princely faculties on the stretch and compelled him to think;—a great relief, I should imagine, from such company as Lords Grey, Holland, and Grenville,—if ever their Lordships indeed chose to trouble him that way. Recourse however was positively to be had to the discarded friends, or his Royal Highness must fairly have sent for one of *us*,—the dreadful Reformers—perhaps Sir Francis Burdett himself; and he would as soon conjure up the ghost of Hampden, or encounter his wife, or sally out against an east-wind in a morning, or take to drinking spring-water, or meet a debt at his doorway,—or put on a coat that did not perfectly fit,—or do any other terrible thing, equally shocking to conceive, and impossible to perform. Things therefore remain as they were last Sunday, in point of settlement; but interviews have taken place with some of the friends abovementioned, —negociations are alive in all quarters,—scruples discuss the matter with scruples,—sentiments and sensations, proposals, entreaties, acknowledgements, and impossibilities, march and counter march from Carlton House to Apsley, and from Apsley House back again to Carlton:—at one minute Wellesley can do every thing, and at the next he can do nothing; at another, Lord Moira is settling all difficulties and reconciling all parties; at another, we hear no more of him, and the Ministers remain; at another, it is no such thing, and Lord Holland will come in; then again, that arrangement is found to be impossible, and the whole contending sphere is nothing but a chaos of contradictory movements, with grave faces hurrying to and fro, and hands that approach as they pass only to snatch away again and start off. In short, nothing at all is settled, and as our Royal Leader is not famous for knowing his own mind, it is hardly fair to expect that others can guess it for him.

The state of parties then at present may be thus briefly

described. The Aristocratic Whigs, or Greyites and Grenvilles, are out of favour with the Prince, as they have long been with the people, and would have no well-wishers at all, were it not for the Catholics:—the better Whigs, or Whig Reformists, have so committed themselves with the popular cause, and so unequivocally expressed their contempt of certain men and things, that they appear to have no chance of a voice in the Government:—the Pittites are on their last legs, and have no ground to stand upon, so that they are in a pretty precipitate condition:—and the Wellesley and Canning party are too small in number, and too new in point of standing, to make the casting vote in their favour, even if it depended on any other voice than that of an idle and irresolute Court, in which private influence and a number of petty ties and obligations will predominate to the last.

Really, one may be very merry on a number of circumstances connected with this situation of things: but mirth is not cheerfulness; and it is humiliating to the last degree to think that a nation, like our's, full of fine minds and resolute, high spirits, the country of philosophy, of freedom, and of the practical virtues, should be compelled in times like the present to await the pleasure of a set of political wranglers, who after all, at the very best of them, are a poor sample of the intellect to be found among us, and very far from being the great characters that should strike enthusiasm into hearts worth excitement.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PORTUGAL.

Lisbon, May 10.—Our head-quarters are at Fuente de Guinaldo. The enemy are situated as follows:—Marmont at Salamanca, Drouet at Azuaga, and Soult at Seville, part of whose corps is still inclining more to the Southward. It is said that Gen. Sir T. Graham is to take the command of three divisions upon the Douro. Two divisions have gone to Almendralejo to replace Gen. Hill, who has moved to Merida, and has with him 26 pontoons, a number of ladders, and a new formed brigade of iron 24-pounder howitzers. It is a very generally received opinion here, that Lord Wellington will, in the course of the present campaign, completely clear the South of Spain of the enemy.

The *Lisbon Gazette* contains a very long Order of the Day issued by Marshal Beresford, at Fuente Guinaldo, and dated May 7.—It reprimands in very severe terms the conduct of several corps of Portuguese militia, particularly that of Oporto, during the late irruption of the French into the north of Portugal. It appears that these corps, instead of defending the heights of Guarda, were seized with a panic, threw away their arms, and deserted their colours. Two or 300 of them were taken by the enemy, and some of them drowned in the Mondego, while about 1600 dispersed and deserted. Marshal Beresford directs that their colours shall not be restored to these corps till they have behaved with valour in the presence of the enemy; and that those of the officers and soldiers who disgraced themselves on this occasion, shall be tried by a Court Martial. His Excellency at the same time bestows discriminating praise on such of the militia regiments as performed their duty.

SOUTH AMERICA.

A Supplement to the *St. Thomas's Gazette*, of the 9th of April, gives the following article:—"The 26th of March has been a day of woe and horror to the province of Venezuela. At four p. m. the city of Caraccas stood in all its splendour: a few minutes later 4,500 houses, 19 churches and convents, together with all the other public buildings, monuments, &c. were crushed to atoms by a sudden shock of an earthquake, which did not last a minute, and buried thousands of the devoted inhabitants in ruins and desolation. That day happened to be Holy Thursday; and at the precise hour every place of worship was crowded to commemorate the commencement of our Saviour's Passion by public procession, which was to proceed through the streets in a few minutes afterwards. The number of hapless sufferers was thus augmented to an incredible amount, as every church was levelled with the ground before any person could be aware of the danger. The number of sufferers taken out of one of the churches, (two days after this disaster) amounted alone to upwards of 300 corpses. An idea of the extent of the number of dead is differently stated, from four to six, and as far as 8,000. Horrible as this catastrophe appears, it would be matter of some consolation to know, that the vicinity of that city offered some support or shelter to the surviving mourners; but the next town and seaport thereto, viz. La Guara, has in proportion suffered still more, as well as its immediate coast. Huge masses of the mountains detached themselves from the summits, and hurled down into the vallies. Deep clefts and separations of the immense bed of rocks still threaten future disasters to the hapless survivors, who are now occupied in burying and burning the dead, and in relieving the numerous wounded and cripples perishing for want of surgical aid, shelter, and other comforts."

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Huddersfield, May 22.—The arms-stealing system still prevails in this neighbourhood; there have been several stand stolen by the Luddites this last week, from persons who had peremptorily refused to deliver them up to Major Gordon.

Tuesday se'nnight a person *suspected* to belong to the Luddites was pursued by the peace-officers near Staley-bridge. Being a collier, he retreated under ground, sliding down the rope hanging in the shaft of the pit.—Upwards of 40 of the patrole were mounted at the mouth of the pit, which was kept up by necessary changes till the following Friday, determined to starve the besieged to surrender, or confine him till death. On the night of Friday, however, a detachment of more than forty Luddites appeared, drove the besiegers from their post, gave a whistle, when the besieged ascended the rope, and escaped.

Manchester.—The serjeant of the Local Militia who, it is supposed, was murdered by the Luddites, who named Moore, he was quartered in Manchester, and had parted from his friends for the purpose of going home, accompanied by a young woman. On going up Ancoat's-street, they were met by a party of men, who, it is conjectured, precipitated them over the bridge into the Rochdale. The neighbours heard a cry of murder! and rushed out, but could discover no one in the water; but noticed several men walk away at a quick pace. Moore had incurred the resentment of the Luddites by his refusal to take their oath. The two bodies were taken out of the canal next morning. Eight persons have been committed to prison at Manchester, for administering oaths and rioting since the 17th inst.

Letters from Nottingham state that no sooner has a person taken the oath of traitorous union in that County, than he receives that constant pecuniary supply which enables him to support himself and family without work.

A lamentable accident happened last week in a coal-mine at Ortell, near Liverpool. The workmen had been warned not to approach a certain part with fire or light, notwithstanding which, one of them entered it with a lighted candle; when a tremendous explosion took place, by which all in that part of the mine, consisting of nine men and one woman, lost their lives.

Last week, at Yarmouth, W. Hammond, wherry-man, and his wife, throwing potatoes at each other, one of them hit her on the head, when she, without evil intention, threw at him a clasp-knife, which penetrated through his ribs, and caused almost immediate death. The Coroner's Jury brought in their verdict—*Manslaughter*; and she was committed for trial.

CHILD-STEALING.—A most atrocious instance of depravity occurred, a few days since, in the neighbourhood of Taunton, in the deprivation of a child from its miserable parents, through the artifice of an old woman. She applied to the poor people, who live in a cottage near Taunton, for liberty to warm and rest herself. This was granted, and the next day she came again, and stole away a fine infant, about three years old.—The distressed father, after riding all night, over the country, in quest of his child, luckily met the old hag coming into the town of Chard.—They had staid in the fields all night, and the poor infant had been beaten severely for not calling the wretch mother. Its clothes and shoes had been taken away, and the object of the inhuman monster was to go a begging with the child. She is committed to Ilchester Jail.—*Taunton Courier.*

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Nothing of importance before their Lordships during the past week.—The House has adjourned till Tuesday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, May 25.

After some routine business, the House examined witnesses on the Orders in Council.—Adjourned.

Tuesday, May 26.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

Mr. BROUGHAM rose to move for an account of the duties collected in the London Docks for the last five years. To this motion he understood there would be no objection. The Right Hon. Gentleman, President of the Board of Trade, last night stated as an objection to the production of some papers moved for, that there was no Administration in effect, or in other words, that it was in a sort of abeyance. That objection to-day could not apply, for, as he understood, and he believed his information to be correct, the same vigorous and efficient government as guided the Councils of the country during the last week, possessed again the confidence of the Prince Regent, and expects to regain the confidence of the House of Commons. If this was true, and that his Royal Highness was determined to continue his confidence to those persons, it became a matter of much alarm. He was also informed, that there was an intention of moving an adjournment of the House this day. In the present state of the Government and of the country, such an adjournment was most lamentable.

Mr. STEPHEN said that the Hon. Gentleman was entirely mistaken.

Mr. WHITBREAD said that there undoubtedly prevailed a most painful anxiety with respect to those steps which were to be taken in consequence of the vote of the House of Commons on Thursday last. The Noble Lord opposite had intimated on Friday last, that the present Government was in fact dissolved; it appeared, notwithstanding, that they still enjoyed, in some degree, the confidence of the Prince Regent, that they still assembled, and deliberated, and advised.—(*Hear, hear!*)—It is impossible, that when we were on the eve of that last calamity (a war with America,) any person admitted to the royal presence, should neglect to inform the Sovereign of the internal and domestic situation of this country, and of the disturbance, discontent, and dissatisfaction that pervade every part of that empire which the Regent now governed, either without the aid of Ministers, or with the aid of Ministers, whose incapacity had been proclaimed by Parliament. He begged from the Noble Lord, therefore, some distinct information respecting his own situation, and the progress made in forming an efficient Administration.

Lord CASTLEREAGH said, that he knew of no intention of moving an adjournment, and as to his situation, he had only to say, that it was now precisely what it was last Friday, he and his Colleagues still retaining their offices, during the interim occupied in concerting arrangements on an extended basis. The Hon. Gentleman who spoke last, had mingled also some irregular observations with his question, and for his own part, he begged leave totally to disclaim any knowledge whatever, that this country was on the eve of a war with America. The state of the country undoubtedly was alarming, but he was happy to state, that every post furnished intelligence of the most agreeable nature, and that through the exertions of the Magistracy, and uniform good conduct and regularity of the Local Militia, the spirit of disturbance was daily decreasing.—(*Hear, hear!*) With respect to the surprise of the Hon. Gentleman, that the new arrangement had occupied so much time, it would not be for him to learn that it was much easier to destroy than to create a Government. As the Hon. Gentleman had been a little instrumental in overturning the present, he ought to have rather more patience in waiting for the establishment of its successor.

MR. ST. JOHN MASON.

Mr. SHERIDAN moved an humble Address to the Prince Regent, praying that he would be pleased to order to be laid before the House a copy of the Lord Lieutenant's Report on the case of Mr. St. John Mason.—Agreed to.

The Clandestine Marriage Bill was read a third time and passed.

PEWTER POTS.

Sir T. TURTON moved that the Publicans'-Bill should be referred to a Committee of the whole House.

Mr. D. GIDDY pronounced this measure to be the most absurd and preposterous ever brought into Parliament. It was useless to any good, and efficient only for mischief. It not only would operate to injure the dealers in pewter, but to prevent the public in a great measure from drinking porter out of pewter pots, which Sir H. Davy had recently demonstrated to be a practice that greatly improved the taste of that beverage.

S. T. TURTON and Mr. WHITBREAD supported the Bill.

Mr. SHERIDAN expressed some surprise at the unusual tone and manner of the Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Giddy) who departed on this occasion from his characteristic gravity, and attempted to laugh the measure out of the House. With all his respect for him, he (Mr. S.) would at any time rather listen to his arguments than his wit. Mr. S. then contended in favour of the Bill, and argued that so far from injuring it would rather tend to augment the produce of the Cornish mines, which seemed to be the chief object of the Hon. Gentleman's anxiety, and in which he himself must be allowed to have a fellow feeling, since he held another, the salary of which was in exact proportion to that produce.

On a division there appeared only eight on one side, and seven on the other. The House was accordingly counted out.

Wednesday, May 27.

Mr. MARTIN, of Galway, gave notice of a motion on the Catholic Claims, for the 12th July.

Several witnesses were afterwards examined respecting the Orders in Council.—Adjourned.

Thursday, May 28.

After some uninteresting business, the House adjourned.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

W. Nutt, Leicester, grocer.

BANKRUPTS.

R. Cooper, Dean's-buildings, Lock's-field, Surrey, baker.
J. Petter and G. Brown, Breightmet, Lancashire, whitsters.
E. Twell, Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper.
G. H. Head, Fareham, Southampton, yeoman.
R. Coleman, Mitcheldean, Gloucester, shopkeeper.
H. Leadbetter, Ince, Lancaster, innkeeper.

J. Gaskell and T. Newcomb, Nottingham, auctioneers.
S. Jarrett, Whitchurch, Salop, brazier.
T. Moody, jun. Snaith, York, draper.
G. Butters, Drayton-in-Hales, Salop, skinner.
T. Watford, York-street, Rotherhithe, victualler.
E. Cole, Colchester, grocer.
W. Twemlow, Manchester draper.
J. Kerryson, Old-street Road, bricklayer.
T. Perkes, Hillhampton, Worcester, dealer.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, May 30.

Copy of a letter transmitted by Admiral Lord Keith.

Northumberland, off the Penmarks, May 24, 1812.

SIR—I have the honour to inform you, the object of the orders I received from you on the 19th instant, to proceed off L'Orient for the purpose of intercepting two French frigates and a brig, lately seen at sea, has been accomplished, by their total destruction, at the entrance of that port, by His Majesty's ship under my command, (the Growler gun-brig being in company), under the circumstances I beg leave to relate to you.

On Friday the 22d inst. at a quarter after ten A.M. the N.W. point of the Isle Groa bearing from the Northumberland north by compass, ten miles distant, and the wind very light from W. by N. they were discovered in the N.W. crowding all possible sail before it for L'Orient. My first endeavour was to cut them off to windward of the island, and a signal was made to the Growler (seven miles off in the S.W.) to chase, but finding I could not effect it, the Northumberland was pushed by every exertion round the S. E. end of Groa, and, by hauling to the wind as close as I could to leeward of it, I had the satisfaction of fetching to windward of the harbour's mouth, before the enemy's ships reached it. Their commander seeing himself thus cut off, made a signal to his consorts and hauled to the wind on the larboard tack to windward of Point Taleet, and they appeared to speak each other. I continued beating to windward between Groa and the Continent to close with them, exposed to the batteries on both sides, when I stood within their reach, which was unavoidable. The wind had by this time freshened considerably, and was about W. N. W.; at forty-nine minutes after two P.M. the enemy (in force as above described) bore up in close line ahead, and under every sail that could be set, favoured by the fresh wind, made a bold and determined attempt to run between me and the shore, under cover of the numerous batteries with which it is lined in that part. I placed the Northumberland to meet them as close as I could to the Pointe de Pierre Laye, with her head to the shore, and the main-topsail shivering, and made dispositions for laying one of them alongside; but they hauled so very close round the point, following the direction of the coast to the eastward of it, that, in my ignorance of the depth of water so near the shore, I did not think it practicable, consistent with the safety of His Majesty's ship (drawing near twenty-five feet) to prosecute that plan. I therefore bore up and steered parallel to them at the distance of about two cables' length, and opened the broadside on them, which was returned by a very animated and well directed fire of round, grape, and other descriptions of shot, supported by three batteries, for the space of twenty-one minutes, and was very destructive to our sails and rigging. My object during that time was to prevent their hauling outside the dry rock named Le Grand, but in steering sufficiently close to it to leave them no room to pass between me and it, and at the same time to avoid running on it myself, the utmost difficulty and anxiety was produced by the cloud of smoke which drifted ahead of the ship, and totally obscured it. However, by the care and attention of Mr. Hugh Stewart, the Master, the ship was carried within the distance of her own length on the south-west side, in quarter less seven fathoms, and the enemy were in consequence obliged, as their only alternative, to attempt passing within it, where there was not water enough, and they all grounded, under every sail, on the rocks between it and the shore.

The sails and rigging of the Northumberland were so much damaged, that I was obliged to leave the enemy to the effect of the falling tide, it being only one quarter ebb, while I repaired the rigging and shifted the foretop-sail, which was rendered entirely useless; working to windward during that time under what sail I could set, to prevent falling to leeward; in which interval, at five o'clock, the Growler joined, and fired on the enemy occasionally. "At 28 minutes after five, I anchored the Northumberland in six and an half fathoms water, Point de Pierre Laye bearing N. W. half N., the citadel of Port Louis E. three quarters N., and the rock named Le Grand N. half E., two cables length distant, with her broadside bearing on the enemy's two frigates and brigs at point blank range, all of them having fallen over on their sides next the shore as the tide left them, and exposed their copper to us, and the main-masts of one frigate and the brig were gone; and from 34 minutes after five till 49 minutes past six (which was near the time of low water), a deliberate and careful fire was kept up on them, at which time, believing I had fully effected the object of my endeavours, the crews having quitted their vessels, all their bottoms being pierced by very many of our shot, so low down as to ensure their filling on the rising tide, and the leading frigate being completely in flames, communicated to the hull by a fire which broke out in her fore-top, I got under sail. Three batteries fired at the ship during the whole time she was at anchor, and although the position was so far well chosen that she was out of the range of two of them, the other (to which the enemy's vessels were nearest) reached her, and did as much execution in the hull as all the fire she had been exposed to before.

I directed the Commander of the Growler to stand in and fire, to prevent the enemy from returning to their vessels after I had ceased.

At five minutes before eight, the frigate on fire blew up with an awful explosion, leaving no remains of her visible. At the close of day I anchored for the night, out of reach of the batteries on both sides, Point Taleet bearing N. N. W. half W., S. E. point of Groa, S. S. W. half W., the enemy's vessels N. by. E. At ten, the other frigate appeared to be on fire also (some smoke having been seen on board her from the time the firing ceased), and at half past eleven, the flames burst forth from her ports and every part with unextinguishable fury, which unlooked-for event leaving me nothing more to attempt in the morning, the brig being quite on her beam ends, and very much damaged by our shot in every part of her bottom, even very near her keel, I weighed anchor at midnight, with a very light air from the northward, with the Growler in company, profiting by the brightness of the moon to get to sea; but it was so near calm that I made very little progress, and therefore saw the frigate burning from head to stern all night, and explode at thirty-five minutes after two in the morning of yesterday, leaving a portion of her after-part still burning till it was entirely consumed; and in the course of the day, I had the satisfaction to see, from off the N. W. point of Groa, a third fire and explosion in the same spot, which could have been no other than the brig.

During the time of firing on the enemy's vessels, a seaman, who states himself to be a native of Portugal, captured in the ship Harmony, of Lisbon, by the frigates, on the 22d February, swam from one of them to the Northumberland, by whom I am informed their names were L'Arianne and L'Andromache, of 44 guns and 450 men each, and the Mameluke brig, of 18 guns and 150 men; that they sailed from the Loire in the month of January, had been cruising in various parts of the Atlantic, and had destroyed thirty-six vessels of different nations (Americans, Spaniards, Portuguese, and English), taking the most valuable part of their cargoes on board the frigates (and they appeared very deep for ships so long at sea), and one vessel they sent as a cartel to England, with about 200 prisoners.

I am happy to have now the gratifying duty to discharge of bearing testimony to the creditable conduct of every officer and man I had the honour to command on the occasion above related, whose zealous exertions in supporting the honour of his Majesty's naval power, and in humbling that of the enemy,

were conspicuously displayed, without regard to the peculiar intricacy of the situation, or the risks and difficulties which appeared to interpose; and I hope the circumstances of his station may permit me to make particular report of the services of the Senior Lieutenant John Banks, without prejudice to, or neglect of, the other meritorious and deserving officers, who were all equally inspired with intrepidity, and possessed with confidence and coolness, which rendered that qualification the more valuable. But as the safety of his Majesty's ship, and the success of the operations which resulted in a navigation so narrow and difficult, with almost every description of danger to avoid, is attributable, next to Providence, to the ability with which she was steered and conducted under the direction of the Master and Pilot, I should be wanting in my duty if I were to omit to represent to you that nothing could exceed the firmness, good judgment, and skill of those officers, whose experience on the coast was extremely beneficial to the service, and Mr. Stewart's counsels were of the greatest assistance to me.

Lieut. J. Weeks, commanding the Growler gun-brig, made every effort that vessel was capable of to render assistance, and shewed a perfect readiness to execute the few directions I had occasion to give him.

I should rejoice, Sir, if I were able to close this narrative without adding a report of loss and injury sustained; but neither you, nor any other authority to whom you may communicate it, will expect that a ship should have been so long at different periods under the fire of the enemy's various batteries and vessels, without some loss; and I am thankful it is not greater than is expressed in the report I have the honour to enclose, with a statement of the damages the ship has sustained, which is little in the hull, but more in the masts, yards, and rigging; and I am glad to say, the Officer wounded (namely, Lieut. W. Fletcher) will soon be restored.

A line of battle ship, with sails bent and top-gallant-yards across, lay in the harbour of L'Orient, spectator of the operations of the day at the entrance of it; but the wind did not serve till night for her coming to the support of her friends: every assistance, however, was afforded them of boats, men, &c. from the port, directed, I apprehend, by the Admiral in person.—I have the honour to be, &c. H. Hotham, Capt.

Rear-Admiral Sir Harry Neale, Bart.

Killed and Wounded.

Killed.—Four seamen and 1 private marine.

Wounded.—One officer, 3 petty officers, 19 seamen, and 5 private marines; of whom 4 are dangerously, 10 severely, and 14 slightly.

Admiralty-Office, May 30.

Admiral Lord Keith has transmitted a Letter from Capt. Somerville, of his Majesty's ship Rota, giving an account of the capture, by the boats of that ship, under the directions of Lieut. Turner, of L'Espadon French privateer, of St. Maloes, pierced for ten guns, three mounted, and manned with forty-five men. The Rota had one man killed and five wounded; the privateer, seven killed and four wounded.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Hughes, George-street, Adelphi, woollen-draper.
J. Ives, jun. Newport-market, butcher.
J. Butcher, Golden-lane, St. Luke, feltmaker.
J. Dicken, Wollerton, Salop, woolstapler.
J. B. Cabanies, Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, merchant.
W. Ward, Reading, Berks, barge-builder.
R. Wright, Woolwich, Kent, victualler.
E. Evans, High Holborn, tailor and draper.
E. and T. Hicklin, Providence-row, Finsbury-square, chemists.
W. Warren, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, victualler.
T. Davies, Round-court, St. Martin's-le-Grand, button-seller.
R. Jukes, jun. and W. Ranger, Gosport, timber-merchants.
J. Emanuel, Providence-row, Portsea, silversmith.
J. Ingram, Wood-street, Cheapside, Blackwell-hall-factor.
J. Tallock, Streatham, Surrey, silk-broker.
W. Stables, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, mercer.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

Consols.....61 1/8.

THE EXAMINER.

London, May 31.

The Ministerialists are now anxiously looking towards the North for the part which Russia is going to take. It is certain, that with the accession of Bernadotte to the cause, coalition never had a better chance in that quarter than at present; but according to appearances, the new Swedish Prince has no prospect, perhaps has no inclination, of being at the head of any military operations against his former master; and without such an event, nothing, we are persuaded, will be produced by any endeavours on the part of Alexander. If a war is to take place, and to be left to the conduct of him and his Generals, the same sanguinary farce will be repeated as on a former occasion; and after prancing down to Poland, at the head of a fine army, with his horse and himself in equally good coating, this magnanimous player at soldiers will prance back again, very likely with the same horse and the very identical good coat uninjured, but certainly with nothing but the remains of his poor soldiers.

The Government, to a late hour last night, continued in the same gossiping, chaotic state, described in our political article; and Mr. Wortley, in consequence, was to make a new motion on the subject in the House of Commons. At the beginning of the week the Prince Regent is reported to have sent for Lord Moira, and the *Morning Chronicle* inform us, that the interview was extremely *affecting*. It is possible that it may have been so on his Lordship's part, for generosity is always distressed at the sight of unworthiness; but on the other side, nothing need be observed, except that it is possible to have very bad nerves without an atom of sound affection. Be this as it may, it has been said that Lord Moira received a carte blanche to get together what names he could for the formation of a ministerial list; but no list is forthcoming, nor even a name or two, on the truth of which any reliance can be placed. The person who makes his appearance oftenest in the general intercourse is still the Marquis Wellesley; but it is understood that at one time he actually declared off; and as the very explicit statements of opinion which have been published since the Regency by different leading men must of necessity prevent an easy settlement of their scruples, if nothing else were in their way, it is difficult to conjecture how soon a government can be formed. Something is still very likely to be patched up, and from materials that nobody can suspect; and in the mean time the Court Papers beg us to regard with commiseration a Prince who does all that he can to get servants, and who can find none patriotic enough to serve him,—*except* the old ones. Poor Prince! It is, no doubt, a dreadful thing for him to do

so much, especially this hot weather; but what a country would these men persuade us to live in, when they tell us that with the exception of a particular set of men, the Sovereign cannot find intelligence or patriotism enough to furnish him with a cabinet! If his ROYAL HIGHNESS does all he can on such an occasion, and this all amounts to nothing but delay, and excuse, and vexation, what does it prove? that the PRINCE has not subjects enough fit and ready to serve him? No; but that the subjects have a Prince, whose private embarrassments, whose violated promises, and whose subserviency to all sorts of mysterious influence, have scarcely left him a conduct, a friend, or a will, of his own.

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Paris Papers have arrived to the 24th inst. They contain no other intelligence of importance than BONAPARTE'S and his EMPRESS'S journey to Dresden, and a confirmation of the Emperor ALEXANDER'S departure from Petersburgh and arrival at Wilna. The fourth division of the French Army under JUNOT have received orders to advance with all possible speed.

The dreadful catastrophe in South America is confirmed. La Guara and Caraccas have been overwhelmed by an earthquake, and nearly destroyed!—In a letter from the Captain of the Highlander, dated La Guara, April 1st, he says, "On my going on shore, the most awful and afflicting scene presented itself;—hundreds of the suffering inhabitants were mixed with heap of ruins, and many of them still yet alive with their heads out, imploring assistance from their fellow-citizens, who, instead of affording them aid, were throwing themselves prostrate before images, beating their breasts, and imploring for themselves the protection of their Saints." The loss of lives is variously stated, from 5 to 8000. These things are generally at first exaggerated.

The ship Patent, of London, Capt. M'MASTERS, has arrived at Plymouth. She sailed a short time since for Jamaica, but on the 17th inst. in lat. 39. long. 14. she fell in with an enemy's squadron, consisting of the Ariadne, of 44 guns, Andromache, 44 guns, and the Mameluck, of 16 guns, under the command of Commodore FERTIER. This squadron left Nantz on the 9th January, and a few days after chased the Surveillante frigate into Corunna, since which they have been to the West Indies, but did not touch at any of the Islands. The object of the cruise appears to have been wholly plunder, in which they have unfortunately but too well succeeded, having captured nearly 40 merchant vessels, the greater part with valuable cargoes. The enemy either burnt or sunk all of them, after taking out the most valuable things.—The Patent was taken, but was given up as a cartel, and has on board about 150 of the crews of the destroyed vessels. In attempting, however, to get into port with their plunder, these marauders were completely cut off.—Captain HOTHAM, in the Northumberland, with the Growler gun-brig, was stationed off L'Orient, for the purpose of intercepting them; and on the 22d he saw them approach—he immediately, with the greatest coolness and judgment placed the *Northumberland* in the very mouth of the harbour (in which was a French 74), close to a reef of rock, and within gun shot of three heavy batteries. The French squadron attempted to run into the harbour with sails set, but they all grounded within two cables length of the Northumberland, which ship continued pouring broadsides into them until they took fire and blew up.—*See the Gazette.*

An account has been received from Gibraltar, of a very brilliant exploit, lately performed in the harbour of Malaga. The boats of the Hyacinth, of 20 guns, commanded by Capt. USHER, and those of the Goshawk, commanded by Capt. JAMES LILBURN, went into the harbour, where they stormed and took possession of two small forts, the guns of which they spiked, &c. The marines and seamen then returned to their boats, and proceeded to the attack of six French privateers, and several other vessels which lay in the harbour, laden with French plunder, all which they brought away, notwithstanding the incessant fire kept up on them by the troops on shore. The loss has been severe. Capt. LILBURN of the Goshawk, and many of the crews of both vessels, being killed, and several wounded.

TRIALS OF THE RIOTERS.—On Monday evening the High Sheriff of Cheshire met his Majesty's Justices of Assize, the Hon. R. DALLAS and the Hon. F. BURTON, and after the usual ceremony, escorted them to the Castle at Chester, where they opened their Commission. The next morning they proceeded to Court; after the Grand Jury were sworn in, Judge DALLAS delivered his charge to them. The Bills were then handed to the Grand Jury, who retired, and the Court adjourned to eight o'clock on Thursday, when it was extremely crowded, but not the least disorder took place.—Six of the rioters were tried, three found *guilty*, and three *acquitted*; but one of the latter was detained, another indictment having been found against him.

Sir VICARY GIBBS was on Friday sworn in one of the Puisne Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in the room of Mr. Justice LAWRENCE, who retires.

The trick of publishing an *antedated* repeal of the Berlin and Milan Decrees is worthy of the FRENCH EMPEROR and his usual want of principle: but it furnishes at any rate an excuse, or rather it produces a want of excuse, on the part of our Government, for repealing their own Orders as far as America is concerned.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED:

The humble PETITION of the undersigned, being Protestant Dissenting Ministers of the Three Denominations, residing in and about the Cities of London and Westminster,

Sheweth,—That your Petitioners conceiving the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences to be derived from the Author of their being, and confirmed by the Founder of their Christian Faith, and therefore not to be subject to the control of human authority, cannot but regard with deep concern those statutes which restrain and limit the exercise of this right, and impose conditions and penalties that seem to them as unjust in their principle, as they are injurious to the vital interests of true Religion.

That your Petitioners consider those statutes as originally designed to guard against evils which no longer exist, and as expressive of sentiments with regard to the nature and extent of religious liberty which no longer prevail—at a period when the

subjects of the British Empire, however they may differ with regard to the principles of their religion and their mode of professing it, concur in a cordial attachment to the family on the throne, and when enlightened views of religious liberty, and a corresponding liberality of spirit, have been diffused among religious professors of all denominations.

That your Petitioners, expressing their lively gratitude for the concessions made to their religious rights in the course of the present reign, earnestly but respectfully pray that every remaining Penal Statute, which extends its operation to the province of religion, may be repealed, and that whilst they conduct themselves as loyal, obedient, and peaceable subjects to the State, they, in common with all their fellow-citizens, may be put in possession of complete religious freedom, and allowed to worship their Maker, and maintain their Christian profession, according to their own views, and their incumbent duty, without being subjected, under the sanction of law, to any penalties or disabilities in consequence of their dissent from the Established Church.

That your Petitioners, confiding in the wisdom and justice of this Right Honourable House, pray that their cause may be taken into consideration, and the relief granted to them for which they supplicate.

[Dr. Rees and Dr. Smith, with Messrs. Morgan, Evans, T. Rees, Humphrys, T. F. Burder, Walters, and Hughes, were the Committee.]

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 116.

HAYMARKET.

This little theatre, which might be rendered one of the very pleasantest places of amusement in the metropolis, if the Proprietors could but agree and would only find means of making their lobbies a little decent, has opened for the season. The company is not so good as on some former occasions, but is pretty well prepared for farce, and possesses Munden, Mathews, and Jones, from the winter theatres; Mrs. Glover also appears to be re-engaged; and Mrs. Gibbs is always useful and pleasing, sometimes even striking,—as in the lively interlude of a *Day after the Marriage*, the moral of which is so excellent. Elliston's loss however will be severely felt in the heroes of comedy, and Liston's as much so perhaps in certain characters of farce which he had almost made a part of himself. The rest of the persons regularly engaged are of the old description,—gentlemen and ladies who can get no such rank at the Lyceum or Covent Garden, and who, by appearing at a theatre which is actually in the metropolis, are qualified to go down to the country at all other seasons of the year and astonish the natives with a visitation "from London,"—a phrase which is an equal recommendation all over England to bad players and bitter porter.

But there is no theatre like the one before us for new Performers. At the commencement of the season they appear in such rapid succession as almost to take away one's breath, and every night gives one a glimpse of some face which is seldom or never perhaps to be seen again: "Come like shadows, so depart."—There is nothing to be disapproved in this system: on the contrary, it's principle is a good one, inasmuch as it offers a trial of their powers to all the profession without favour or exception; but there must surely be something like a previous knowledge of the figure about to be cut by the new performer, and if so, it is hardly fair upon the public to let loose upon them such candidates for applause as the one that appeared the first night in the character of *Apollo Belvi*. Not a joke was there about him except in the cut of his hair; and not a smile took place on the face of the audience;—a sad way of making us forget Mr. Liston! The reader will not expect observations upon actors like these, nor upon a crowd of others, that either may not appear again or may sink into a level to which criticism rarely descends. At any rate, it will be sufficient to notice at present a couple of performers, who bid fair to establish themselves at this theatre,—a Mrs. Williams from Dublin, and a Mr. Grant who appeared a few months ago at Covent Garden in the character of *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*. Mrs. Williams is in the sprightliest line of acting, romps, shewy chambermaids, &c. and occasionally reminds one of that excellent performer Miss Duncan both in voice and face:—her face is perhaps more pleasing of itself and has a much better eye; but it is not so striking, as a *stage* face; neither is her voice so powerful; and her person is much inferior. Her principal performance hitherto has been *Peggy* in the *Country Girl*: and notwithstanding the dangerous comparison which this part provokes with Mrs. Jordan,—a comparison which must inevitably set all actresses who have not a great genius for comedy at an immeasurable distance from her,—yet Mrs. Williams performed it with a nature and a vivacity that announced a comic feeling of no mean description. She does not manage like Mrs. Jordan,—and who does?—those thousand shadows and tones of feeling, which render her sensibility and her humour equally striking; but in the display of pure animal spirits, of an impatience at restraint, of the relish of novelty and frolic, and an incapability of containing her delight, she is not exceeded perhaps by any body;—her fingers and her restless limbs speak for her when her tongue is prevented, and the scene where she writes the two letters and deceives her guardian could hardly be performed better by Mrs. Jordan herself. In characters like these, and others of a joyous description, Mrs. Williams is a considerable acquisition to the Haymarket. She sings a little, but feebly and not in strict tune; and it is impossible not to observe, by-the-bye, the extreme deficiency of this theatre with regard to female singers. Miss Bellchambers, who has been engaged for some time, is a modest performer, and one of whom a critic would wish to speak well; but her voice is either low and poor, or loud and ill-toned; and a Mrs. Atkins, who has just arrived, and who is said to be the same Mrs. Atkins that was formerly a singer at the winter theatres, seems to make a point of differing with the orchestra to shew her contempt of their accompaniments. The performances of Mr. Grant do not excite so much comment or praise, as might have been expected from his *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*. He seems engaged to perform sneaking Scotchmen and robustious elderly gentlemen,—and of these two different classes, is seen to much more advantage in the former. His *Donald* in the vulgar interlude of the *Register-Office*, was a good caricature of a staid, calculating, fawning rogue of a Caledonian with his beggarly pride,—such as the worst part of our northern neighbours appear, when dishonesty forces them to quit their own country and to come and scandalize it in our's. The look which he occasionally glanced at the person whose good offices he was seeking, in order to discover whether he apprehended his right character or not, was full of meaning and such as betrays the hypocritical in spite of themselves. When he gives up his Scotch however, he appears to lose his good acting. He is never feeble, or what is called unrespectable: he appears to be too sensible a man,

and to understand his author too well, for the meaner faults of the stage; but his strength is too indiscriminate; his voice is too loud, his actions too vehement and abrupt. Thus he positively converted the part of *Moody* in the *Country Girl*, who is only a violent temper and ill-bred, into that of a tragedy tyrant, with his eyes rolling about and a pompous bridling of demeanour totally out of the character. This is an exuberance, and may be mended. Let Mr. GRANT take the book in his hand, and compare it honestly with the figure he acts in his looking-glass.

LYCEUM.

The new farce, *How to die for Love*, originally appeared on a benefit night the week before last, and succeeded so well, that it has been repeated every evening since with considerable applause. It was said at first to be the production of a German Gentleman, who had before written for the stage; but from certain epistolary documents in the *Morning Chronicle*, the town has been given to understand, that a German young Gentleman of fifteen translated it in the first instance from the German of KOTZEBUE, and that another Gentleman, also German, undertook to prepare it for the stage. Without controverting this multitude of German facts, the truth appears to be, that it is a pollacheirous or multimanous production, such as BRIAREUS might have written of old, if he had chanced to be in good humour, and to have nothing upon his hundred hands to employ him;—in plain terms, it is the work of divers persons,—a circumstance not uncommon in dramatic history, and least so at a time when every body, man, woman, and child, translates from German and French, sometimes without understanding either, and generally, whether foreigners or natives, with a perfect ignorance of the language into which they translate. An Englishman, for instance, will translate from KOTZEBUE, and after getting a German to correct the performance, will have it perfected for the stage by the actors; a German, or as in the instance before us, two Germans proceed vice versa, with the same histrionic finish; and with the help of a song or two or a scene from some good-natured, informing Gentleman through whose hands it passes, the piece makes it's appearance as if nothing had happened,—an absolute conspiracy to make us laugh.

The style of the present farce, from its easy, idiomatic run, is evidently supplied by English hands; and the phraseology, in general, is of a more well-bred and intelligent description than is customary in modern dramas. For the rest of its merits, which are those of incident, it appears entirely indebted to its original; and so it does for its faults, which are those of sentiment, and of no ordinary description. Two German officers, *Blumenfeld and Thalwick*, (WRENCH and De CAMP) are in love with the same lady, *Miss Altorf* (Miss KELLY) who has little or no predilection in favour of either, but is content to be married to one of them, provided they can settle the matter between themselves. Accordingly, at the suggestion of her father, who is heartily tired of the courtship, and wishes to see it concluded one way or another, they agree that he who can first contrive to get the other beyond the boundary of the old gentleman's estate, shall be the happy man; and the lovers set heartily about their object, commencing operations by bribing each other's servant into their respective interests. The stratagems that result from this agreement are six in number. The first is played off in a letter to *Thalwick*, informing him that his mother is on her death-bed, when the fact is, that she has been dead these ten years;—the second endeavours to alarm *Blumenfeld*, who has a horror of infectious diseases, with an account of a plague in the village, but he detects it on the spot;—the third retorts on *Thalwick* with a fire, but he has unfortunately gained the secret before hand from the brickmaker who let his shed for the purpose;—the fourth brings sudden intelligence to *Blumenfeld* of the rape of his mistress by *Thelwick*, *Blumenfeld's* servant pretending that he saw her carried off, and urging his master to follow; but the lady herself is in the room at the very moment, and to the dismay of the rogue comes forward at the conclusion of his story;—the fifth is *Blumenfeld's* final stroke: he pretends he has received a letter from his first love, which decides him on withdrawing from the contest, and all that he asks of his rival is to accompany him in a coach beyond the boundary; *Thalwick* consents, and *Blumenfeld* sends his emissary to the rendezvous, drest up to to personate him and muffled up to the chin in his military cloak; the other, however, suspecting all is not right, has made the same use of *his* emissary, and the two officers, advancing together on the stage without seeing each other, after watching the departure of the vehicle and breaking out into triumphal exclamations, resolve at the same instant to communicate the event to their mistress, and turning about for that purpose, encounter each other full butt;—the sixth and last stratagem, with due alternation, is *Thalwick's*: the preceding trick enables him to pick a pretended quarrel with *Blumenfeld*; he forces him into a duel, insists upon receiving his shot, falls to the earth like a dying man, and succeeds in persuading the horror-stricken dupe to seek his safety in flight: the lady and her father issue out in terror upon the spot, when upon an exclamation from the old gentleman that *Blumenfeld* is galloping over the boundary, the deceased jumps up with a shout of victory and obtains the prize.

The Reader may easily judge of the amusing effect which some of these incidents produce in the representation. The stratagem of the plague is well put; that of the fire is droll, from its previous detection; the carrying off is better; and the disguises are excellent. But there can be no hesitation in saying, that the first and last trick, the account of the dying mother and the pretended fall in a duel, are quite unfit for sport, and absolutely unfeeling. In this respect, the piece before us, considering from whom it comes, may be regarded as a curiosity. It is a complete proof of the non-entity of all that excessive sensibility, to which the German Drama lays claim, and of which KOTZEBUE has ever been the most obstreperous organ. To judge by the maudlin cry which this writer keeps up in his serious pieces, by the tears which he has always at hand, and the eternal white-handkerchiefs with which he supplies all his favourite characters, it might be supposed that he was the last person in the world to make a jest of any thing really touching. Not he. The fact is, that to these luxurious grievers, the pathetic is only a stimulant, that delights their taste in proportion to its real callousness: it is like mustard to a palate that cannot taste without it, and brings tears into their eyes by the same rule: otherwise it is impossible that a person who feels deeply should extract farcical merriment from the innermost griefs of our nature, from filial anguish, and the despair of a

man who has slain his friend. Real sensibility may occasionally put on a mask of indifference, or even merriment; but it is only for the sake of momentary contrast and relief: it is only an impatience that hurries into extremes for a new sensation,—a sort of convulsion, by which the burden endeavours to throw itself off; but no man, who felt the charities of the heart profoundly, as Kotzebue pretends to do, would ever think of making a dying mother and a distracted friend subservient to the purposes of stage drollery. It might be argued, that the mother is not dead, the friend has no reason to be distracted, and therefore we need not take it in an unfeeling light; but it might as well be argued for a tragedy, that one person is not dead, and another is not distracted, and therefore we should not take it in a feeling light. The sentiment of the thing is unseasonably and unwarrantably brought forward, and that is enough:—our best feelings are torn up by the roots to tickle our faces with. Indeed, the whole conduct of the piece is want of feeling and delicacy throughout. A young lady consents to be married to one of two men upon the mere toss of a half-penny; the two men both think her an angel notwithstanding, and what is still worse for lovers, are willing to let each other have such a chance; they then begin playing off such stratagems as would disgust any woman of feeling; and in fine, the one who loses the game, returns to enjoy the other's success by way of being generous, and vows that he will be the merriest man of the party.—So much for German sensibility and the moral tact.—Let us enjoy Mr. Kotzebue's farces as much as we please; but considering his notions of what the farcical is, let us in common justice consider his serious dramas in the same light, and regard his feeling as a farce also.

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THE OPERA.

Sir,—There is something so inherently dull in the very nature of operatical performances, as to defy all endeavours at improvement; and though now and then a few enlivening efforts are made, and musical genius may for awhile awaken some portion of interest, yet we find they invariably relapse, after a short time, into their original apathy, unable long to bear a state to which they are so unaccustomed. A few of the latest productions at the Opera have had some little pretensions to common sense, and much more to the charms of delightful music; but the delusive hope, this semblance of improvement held out, has received a death-blow in the opera of *Cammilla*; which is a combination of all the faults so often complained of and so often repeated. A short statement of it's plot will sufficiently point out the pitch of genius to which those worthy wights, the opera poets, have arrived.

Cammilla, the wife of *Uberto*, (Signor Fischer) a most ferocious Italian Duke, has the misfortune while travelling to meet with *Loredano*, a gay, wild youth (Signor Ricci!) who, in the usual course of things, falls deeply in love with her, and endeavours, rather originally, to convince her of his regard, by confining her in a remote country house; from whence, upon ascertaining that her fondness is not increased by ill-treatment, he very politely sets her at liberty, and she returns to the Duke. She soon however finds that little is gained by the change, for his jealousy is aroused by her absence, and having like *Loredano* an unfortunate propensity to experimental confinements, she is consigned to a dungeon in his castle for seven years, during which interval he amuses himself by daily letting provisions down to her in a basket, and uttering soliloquies of adoration, strangely at variance with his conduct. At length suspicion arises of something being wrong, the castle is searched by the soldiers, and *Cammilla* discovered just as she and her infant son are on the point of being starved, by the Duke's neglecting the daily allowance. The Duke upon detection, like most dramatic villains, becomes exceedingly sorry for his crime, and exceedingly glad that she is not quite dead; mutual forgetfulness takes place, and jealousy and indignation are transformed into declarations of affection and lasting peace!—Such is the plot, and the language resembles it in it's childish and disgusting absurdity. This miserable trash, as might be expected, has completely deadened the musician's skill, and poor Pen, whose compositions have generally much powerful effect, has on this occasion completely fallen in with the taste of the author, in a series of tedious sounds, without character, novelty, or one air that leaves a pleasing recollection.

The bad taste of Signor Fischer might be justly suspected, from his selection of this Opera for his first performance, were it not further confirmed by his style of singing, which aims at ornament, without discretion to direct it; his voice has considerable flexibility and compass, but no clearness, and utters nothing but a series of thick and muffled sounds, rendered more unpleasing by the harsh pronunciation that accompanies them. He has, however, one merit, which few Italian singers posses,—that of singing in tune, and this alone may render him useful in subordinate parts, where the deep rumbling notes of his voice may be introduced with some effect. As an actor he has little merit; a few starts, frowns, and consequential strides, are all he pretends to, and these are rendered whimsical by his short, broad figure, and inexpressive features, which somewhat resemble those of a well-known Baron, chiefly remarkable for the joint extent of his assurance and his whiskers. H. R.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The public have been long familiar with the masterly Book designs of Mr. Stothard, designs that greatly enhance the intellectual value of almost every species of Literary Publication, especially where delicacy of sentiment, gracefulness of form and action, and comic feeling, are to be displayed. For the admirable conception of the two former, he may with much truth be denominated the English Raphaelle in small performances, though we frequently have to regret his carelessness of Drawing and Finishing, excellencies so peculiarly prominent in the works of the famous Italian. It is with these sentiments that we regard 116, *Amphitrite*, and 171, *Canace with the Enchanted Ring*. The latter picture is Poetry and enchantment to the eye and the imagination. They feast on the feminine softness, vivacity, and attractive graces of the young females, and the lofty bower that encloses them, with its almost unpierced, pendant, and luxurious branches, and the rich crimson coloured and declining sun, peeping through an interstice of the thick enclosure, as if gazing with curious and delighted eye on the rare beauties of the bower and its lovely tenants.

371, *Christ restoring sight to the Blind.* W Hilton. To paint so sublime a person as Christ with impressive and suitable character, requires the matured hand of a master. If the young Artist has not yet attained sufficient energy of thinking for the accomplishment of this difficult task, he has made great progress towards it. Though his figure of Christ does not, like the Greek statues of Deity, or Rafaelle's sacred characters, impress our minds with veneration, it is not one of those that are to be seen even in the works of some esteemed masters, that require a radiance about the head to distinguish him, as if addressing us with—"Lo! here is Christ." The painter has got rid of his former gaiety of colour, but he must make a still farther advance before he reaches the requisite simplicity and solemnity of tone for grave subjects. He has judiciously kept a great portion of the warm hues in a subdued tone, but there is a want of simplicity, from rather too much subdivision and scattering of those and other hues. There is not a sufficiently spread, master colour, to give the piece its due solidity and unity of effect. Still the effect is striking and skilful. The drawing and marking of the drapery, and especially of the flesh, have a firmness and richness unseen in his former pictures, and highly creditable to the talent and industry of the Artist. The surprise, delight, and gratitude, of the restored man, and the confidence of the man not yet restored in the divine power of Christ, are powerfully expressed. The carnations are coloured with much vividness and truth, and the actions are highly natural and various. Though there is in parts some want of originality, yet the picture is honourable to the very improved talent of the Painter.—It ought to have been in the large room, in the place of many an insipid Landscape and Portrait.

364, *Welch Woman and Child*, T. Pocock, is a picture of pleasing colour and effect.

293, *The run away Heiress returned to her friends.* M. W. Sharp.—This circumstance is described with the energy and variety of feeling and incident that is expected from the acknowledged talent and industrious application of the Painter. The concealed face and confusion of the young lady at the moment of her appearing before her parents, the fainting of her sister, overpowered with affectionate emotion and joy at her return, the concern of her mother while assisting her fainting daughter, the respectful restoration of the heiress to her father by his friend, and the unrelenting and averted face of the enraged father, are highly natural and forcibly designed incidents. The arch laugh and marching movement of the footman shouldering his cane, as he follows the servants who are dragging in the military gallant, is a lively ridicule of the defeated and captive officer. The light, shade, and colour, are well arranged, and the whole is drawn with a delicate and firm pencil. The colouring of the carnations is not on a par with all these ably painted constituents of his subject. It has a yellowish tinge in some parts, and a dull, leaden one, in others.

282. *The burning Shame: a punishment for a bad lawyer; a custom formerly peculiar to the Isle of Wight, whereby they drove him for ever from amongst them.* J. Wright.—This facetious circumstance is facetiously delineated. A crowd of almost every description of the lower class are advancing in various attitudes and countenances of ridicule at the bad lawyer, who is seen in the midst, or rather, his head and feet are seen, the rest of his frame being concealed by a large barrel stuck round with lighted candles. His hard, unaltered visage, well pourtrays his relentlessness and impudence. The actions and looks of all the figures are strongly characteristic of dislike, contempt, and ridicule,—such as a woman who snaps her finger and thumb in the face of the culprit. A band of music playing to the sound of a cow's horn, a gridiron, a wooden salt-box, marrow bones and cleavers, and barking dogs, precede the cavalcade, at the head of which rides a man carrying a banner representing a fox and a wolf. The whole is composed, and grouped, and has a hilly back-ground, much resembling Mr Stothard's exquisite *Procession of Pilgrims.*

151, *A Shower*, H. Howard, R. A., represents in a lively effect of light, shade, colour, and action, children running from rain under the shelter of a turned up gown. —175, *Cottage Children*, by Mr. Howard, is a silvery toned and forcible picture of children in pleasingly novel and natural positions.

147, *Children playing with puppies*, W. Collins, has that able young Artist's accustomed truth of colour and character, but it is rather flat in its effect, from the want of some vigorous and dark touches throughout the light parts.

699. *Our Saviour feeding the Multitude.* W. M. Craig. This *Painter in Water Colours to her Majesty*, in order to justify his boast of the superiority of water to oil colours, presents you with pictures in which all his tints appear as if they were painted with the dirtiest smearings of a long used and filthy pallet; and to justify the choice of him by Royalty, gives you in this piece a crowd of commonplace figures round an ugly and mean faced figure, with which he libels decency and the Scriptures by calling it Christ. Without a spark of originality, he rapidly manufactures Portraiture, Landscape, History. He does

"Ev'ry thing by turns, and nothing *well.*"

BOND-STREET WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

Except a few pieces by Messrs. Richter, Francia, Clennell, Bennett, Baynes, Hewlett, &c. this exhibition contains little worthy of remark. Mr. Richter's Oil-picture of *The Blind restored to Sight*, is a work of merit, especially for an Artist hitherto engaged on small pieces, and those mostly in Water Colours. The face and general aspect of Christ are impressed with benevolence and sanctity, as are some of the spectators of his miracle with a strong expression of surprize at his supernatural power. The astonishment and grateful adoration of the restored man are painted with a peculiar vigor of conception; but the aspiring Artist must have the benefit of further practice in the new and more elevated path of Art into which he has struck, before he obtains a suitable proficiency in colouring. His carnations want clearness and truth; the symbolic light emanating from the sun, and striking on the face of the restored man, is a conceit, unnecessary to the explanation of the subject, and unworthy of its dignity. The circumstance is indeed beautiful in Poetic imagery, as an animated verbal description of the blessing of restored sight; such, for instance, as this in Mr. Pope's *Messiah*—

"He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball *pour the day*:"

But it becomes an absurdity, when actually represented in a picture, not of allegory, but of historical fact.

R. H.

SPEECH OF SIR F. BURDETT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Mr. Examiner,—The letter of W. C., in your last, did not at all surprise me. I have lived long enough to know, that, with your thorough-paced partizans, to differ with a leader, however willingly, is a crime of the first magnitude. To such lengths, indeed, will a party-man carry his blind veneration, that even the personal deformities* and vices of a chief become graces and virtues. Had you, Sir, been a politician of this stamp, instead of opposing your opposers, I should have advised you to have withdrawn your motto, and have put on a coat and badge: but as you still keep on the strait path, fearlessly denouncing every practice and precept of an evil tendency,—whether proceeding from Courtiers or Reformists,—I must offer my humble aid, in exposing the errors of such Correspondents as W. C. What is the matter in dispute?—Sir Francis Burdett says, that the military ought not to be employed to put down the rioters,—that it is illegal, and that they are committing murders on the People.—You assert, that however blameable Government may be in following a system which naturally produces such dreadful evils, still, when the multitude are committing acts equally injurious to themselves and their neighbours, it is the duty of Ministers to put down force by force, and to employ the most efficacious means (the soldiery) for that purpose.

W. C. confesses that it is very proper to quell the rioters; he only objects, with Sir Francis, to the *means* used:—they both say that they are not *lawful*.—Now, Sir, here we are at issue; for I contend that the employment of the military on such occasions is both laudable and *legal*.—Every Officer of the Government, down to the lowest Constable, in times of tumult, are ordered by the law of the land to preserve the peace, and *every subject* of the realm, when called upon to assist, is *punishable* if he refuses his best aid.—Will W. C., or Sir Francis Burdett, contend, that *soldiers* are not *subjects*?—Why, Sir, it is the complaint of the Reformists,—and a well-founded complaint it is,—that by the present system of whiskering and Germanizing the troops, by shutting them up in Barracks aloof from their countrymen, Ministers are endeavouring to give them interests and feelings distinct from their fellow-subjects, and to make them forget that they are still citizens of a free state.—If, then, it cannot be denied that a soldier does not cease to be a citizen, upon what ground can it be maintained, that the military should not be used in cases of tumult?—In short, Sir, I say that it is the bounden duty of *every subject* in the realm to assist in putting down rioters: soldiers are *subjects*, and it is therefore of course their duty to assist, because the most capable; and consequently, it is the duty of Ministers to see that they are ready with their powerful aid.—Ministers may indeed abuse their powers; but this does not argue against their proper use.

W. C. admits that force should be repelled by force, but not *military* force. What wretched reasoning is this!—I ask, what other force *could* interfere with the least chance of success?—Does he or Sir Francis mean to say, that Headboroughs and Constables, with their sticks and staves, could resist assembled thousands, armed as they have been, and are, with all sorts of weapons?—And if swords and guns are to be put into the hands of the Police, in what consists the difference?—Is there any benefit in a man's being shot by persons in brown rather than in red coats? But can any one affirm that the Police are adequate in such cases? Why, Sir, the very boys and women would rejoice to try their strength with such a foe; and after some thousands of the populace had *lunch'd*, as it were, upon a dozen or two Constables, they would be well-disposed and prepared to enjoy a full meal on *statesmen* of a more elevated character.

I put in my protest, Sir, against such vague and unjust outcries. As an earnest Reformist, and as a warm approver of Sir F. Burdett's general sentiments, I trust that we shall hear no more of such speeches, and see no more such defences: they injure the glorious cause of *Reform*, by alarming the timid and affording arguments for the time-serving. W. C. may be a very well-meaning Patriot; but he appears to me to be one of that numerous class, who follow a political leader with a most servile and schoolboy step,—who doat with a lover's fondness on all his weaknesses,—who are lynx-eyed in discovering the vices of their opponents, but are perfect moles when desired to view their idol's errors.—This, to be sure, is a most useful, and patriotic, and philosophic course! And when you, Sir, or any other independent man, forbear to subscribe to *every* opinion, or bend to *every* argument of the god of the day, what an outcry is set up by those very men, who so loudly proclaim the right of judging and thinking for themselves! Agree with them in nine questions out of ten, but differ with them in the tenth, and these unreasoning reasoners, these tolerant intolerants, immediately denounce you as a seceder, and brand you with all sorts of disgraceful epithets. They are the very Calvins of Reform,—who having shook off the chains and faggots of one tyranny, most decently and justly proceed to imprison and burn all those who venture to differ with them in their new faith.—Such are the sad delusions of *Party*, which that acute observer of human nature, in the language of your motto, characterised most truly, as "the madness of many for the gain of the few."

A Westminster Elector.

* The profligate Wilkes is an example.—Whilst haranguing his admirers one day, it was remarked by an auditor, that he did not like his looks, and that the cast in his eye was hideous.—To which a political fanatic replied, "Why, to be sure, he does *squint* a little, but not more than a gentleman ought."

WASTE OF PROVISIONS.

North Audley-street, May 27, 1812.

Sir,—I much approve of the insertion in your last *Examiner* of a letter signed *Benevolus*, on the present exorbitant price of Bread, and the dread of an universal dearth of that most necessary article of living, and the only one of the poorer orders of society, which constitute nineteen-twentieths of our population. The perusal of it brought to my mind the unnecessary *waste of provisions* in some families of the higher ranks, and particularly at the tables of their domestics, which probably may have escaped their notice.

Butlers, valets-de-chambres, and ladies' maids, who constitute the second tables of all the great families in town, are all of them too fine ladies and gentlemen to let a bit of bread enter their delicate lips, that has but once touched the hand of their masters or mistresses. Whole rolls, with many almost untouched, slices of butcher meat, poultry, and other delicacies, are by their orders all thrown wholesale into the repository for hogs' wash.

Let them by all means enjoy every comfort of good living, but not waste or throw to the dogs articles of food, which

would be a cheering comfort to many of the miserable half-famished objects to be seen in every street.

At the same time, let every upper domestic, who, with good counsel, sets likewise a good example to his fellow-servants, along with the inward satisfaction of doing his duty, have the public approbation of the family he lives with, and that henceforth it may make an article in the good character of every servant, that he or she made no wasteful use of provisions.

By these means, we shall all be more deserving of our *daily bread*, for which we are taught to pray, when we use our best endeavours to obtain it for our fellow creatures.

BENEVOLUS.

BARON GERAMB AND THE PENSIONED PRINTS.

MR. EXAMINER,—There is nothing more disgusting to a generous mind than to see a man run down, at a moment he is unfortunate, oppressed, unprotected;—nothing that more discovers the abject, malignant, destestable, disposition of the human mind, than such mean, unmanly, unfeeling conduct.

The person who, indignant at such baseness, takes up the pen, is but little acquainted with this unfortunate Gentleman, but enough to know, that what is said in the *Antigallican Monitor* of Baron Geramb being a Jew, is an *infamous* ——. He is an Austrian Baron; his father received the title by the late Emperor Joseph: he was born to a large fortune, which he has wasted way: his conduct in England appeared absurd and foolish in the extreme; but he was *no* impostor, for *impostor* is *he* who passes himself for what *he is not*.

That the Pensioned Prints should fall foul on all those who incur the displeasure of Ministers, whether right or wrong, is *natural*; they are *paid* for it; but that such base falsehoods should be copied in those Papers who hold more liberal principles, and who truly serve the public cause by boldly exposing the abuses of the present system, is surprising, is painful.

There *was* a time when *Englishmen* would naturally have felt compassion for any person the victim of arbitrary power—now they rejoice! a strange alteration in the last twenty years; for it is *only* twenty years that the Alien Bill, which puts a hundred thousand inhabitants of England out of the protection of the law, is on the Statute Book; and mark it well, reader, the Allien Bill has been the *first* measure that has led to the present war, now entering the twentieth year, and to all appearances farther from its termination than it was the first day it began, and which has brought the country into so wretched a state, that, without some *extraordinary* event, war cannot be carried on or peace made without ruin.

When I hear of any hapless stranger being shipped off under the Alien Act, I know he *cannot* be a spy, for a *spy* merits death much more than a breaker of a stocking-frame *; and culpable would be that Minister who should let him loose. I know also he *cannot* have committed any act against the *law of the land; for* culpable would be the Minister who should screen a criminal from public justice. I therefore conclude, that such a man has become obnoxious to Ministers, but whether right or wrong, I know not; and *this* I presume is fair, though it will be abused by the *Morning Post*, the *Courier*, the *Sun*, and the rest of that *honest, enlightened, good-natured, virtuous, loyal* tribe! whose abuse, however, can excite no *other* sentiments than those of *contempt* in a lover of TRUTH.

May 24, 1812.

* This is a new case of death added to the huge list, which disgraces the Criminal Laws of England; but the reigning Ministers, with equal wisdom and humanity, know of no other remedies to alleviate the sufferings of the people but the musket or the gallows.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Mr. CLARKSON, of the London Philosophical Society, finished on Thursday week two Lectures on Physiognomy.—His object in bringing them forward, previous to entering on the Hieraglyphical Languages, was to illustrate the opinions of those who contend that a universal character of ideas must be founded on the base of physiognomical expression. After demonstrating the truth of Physiognomy from the admitted axiom, that wherever there is a material action, (and that there is upon the face no one can deny) there must be traces of the action, more or less strong, in proportion as it is more or less reiterated, he proceeded to exhibit a scale of intellectual degrees between the horizontal line of forehead peculiar to the lowest brute, and the perpendicular line of forehead peculiar to the Greek ideal, stating that the European skull occupied an angle upon that scale of about 80 to 85 degrees, the Asiatic about 75, the Negro 70, the Peruvian about 65, Ourang Outang about 58, and so on through the different species of the brute creation.—He proved these facts by skulls of different nations and various animals: deducing this conclusion from the whole exposition, that the nearer the line of forehead approached the rectilinear standard, the greater was the original capacity for intellect in the individual, and vice versa. The situation of the Negro skull upon this scale called for remark; but the Lecturer preferred, he said, considering the question of their progressibility in a future Lecture; observing, however, in passing, that the precedence which the Negroes took of the Peruvians, was a strong argument against the Non-progressionists, because the latter, inferior as they were to the former, had been remarkable, in the time of *Pizarro*, for their rapid march towards refinement.

Proceeding from an analysis of intellect in the abstract to intellect in the detail, he observed, that though little could be performed with regard to originality in the study, much might be done with regard to methodification. Dividing the face, therefore, into three portions, he considered the forehead as the peculiar seat of intellectual *capacity*, being the frontal boundary of the brain; the middle of the face as the residence of pathognomical emotion; and the lower part, comprising the mouth, jaws, chin and throat, as the territory of animal power. With regard to the 1st division, he agreed, that if the brain be the acknowledged medium of intellect, and if the metaphysical divisions of intellect, viz. perception, imagination, memory and judgment, be distinct in their effects, the latter must be distinct in their organization, otherwise the complete co-existence of intellect and brain, would not be absolute but partial. He then went into an analysis of the forehead, stating, that it was marked by two strong sinuses or indentures, the one horizontal, dividing the forehead into an upper and a lower arch, and the other perpendicular, bissecting the former in the middle. He observed, that the indentures were more or less strong in proportion as the faculties were more or less matured. He considered the upper arch as the peculiar province of perception and imagination, for the following reasons;—first, that it preserved the curvilinear rotundity observable in the foreheads of children and idiots, to whom perception is alone peculiar;—second, that it receded as the lower arch advanced, which latter uniformly increased in size as the sterner faculties of memory and judgment became developed and confirmed;—and thirdly, as the foreheads of the female sex, whom metaphysicians have considered as superior to men in quickness of perception and imagination, though inferior in memory and judgment, display a curvilinear arch, unbroken by the sinuses described.—He deduced from this detail the character and province of perception, and considering wit and imagination as modifications of this faculty, he agreed with Gall and Lavater, in assuming the depth of the perpendicular indenture, the squareness of the forehead, and the distinctness of that protuberance towards the temples, which Gall has assigned to wit, as proofs that perception has combined with memory and become imagination. The two remaining faculties, therefore, must necessarily occupy the lower arch of the forehead;—but he would not allow himself, said Mr. C., to infer this, without subjecting the supposition to anatomical investigation; and among other curious proofs, adducing the striking protuberance of the lower arch of the forehead in the Greek ideal. He argued that Gall and Lavater agreed in fact, though they might differ in terms, in placing the organ of memory at the extreme of the lower arch, towards the temples, and that of judgment at the extreme

of that arch towards the insertion of the nose in the forehead; supporting this curious and rather unexpected coincidence of the Cranioscopist and Physiognomist, by a variety of independent illustration, which it would be vain to detail in this short abstract.

The quiescent effects of the *Passions* next claimed his attention; and these, he observed, *generally speaking*, exhibited themselves from the eyebrows to the mouth. Anatomy explains the nature of the effects described. "For when any muscle is much employed in any office, it becomes permanently shortened, and even approximates the points into which its extremities are fixed."* The lecturer then entered into an interesting illustration of the Physiognomical Rules which guided the Greek Statuaries in their ideal standard, describing minutely, as well as demonstrating by plates and busts, the different expressions which they assigned to their deities, according to the attributes over which they were supposed to preside. But in characterising immoral expression, he said the Greek head of Pan was a kind of tacit physiognomical lecture. No one could doubt that it expressed passions, and no one could doubt the nature of the passions it was intended to convey. The Greek ideal of perfection afforded, therefore, in comparison with the Greek ideal of moral brutalization expressed in the head of Pan, a fine standard to judge of moral or immoral propensities. As accurate a scale, indeed, could be erected for the passions, as for the intellectual powers. It was merely to proceed in the wheelmarks of the Greek statuaries. It was by assuming the projecting and distorted line of face peculiar to brutes, on the one side, and the rectilinear unpolluted composure of the Greek ideal, on the other. Nor was the rule more applicable to passions on the aggregate. It was equally so to each of them severally considered; for love and hatred, the roots of all the passions, are not more distinct in their properties than in their signs, the first being attended with a relaxation, the latter with a tension, of the muscles; the first being accompanied with an elevated brow, lips partially opened, and cheeks curvilinearly formed;—and the latter, with a brow depressed, teeth violently clenched, and cheeks hollowed and corroded.—The Lecturer proceeded to describe the different lines which the eyebrows and mouth assumed in different individuals, denominating them strong physiognomical hieroglyphs, as capable of being associated with distinct ideas, as much as any letter in the alphabet with its correspondent sound. He exhibited a scale of degrees in the first, between the elevated arch of simple astonishment, and the inverted arch of phlegm, of sorrow, of debility;—and observed, with regard to the latter, that the form of mouth in brutes, generally speaking, was a kind of inverted parabola, and that of the Greek ideal, a perfect horizontal right line; so that, between these, it was natural to infer the same deductions of approximation, or deviation, as in the consideration of the forehead. Anatomical fact was decidedly in favour of these deductions, "for in pleasurable emotions, the angles of the mouth, or commissures of the lips, are drawn upwards, and in opposite emotions they are drawn downwards."* In excessive laughter, the greatest proof of irrationality, the lips approach the parabolic form of those in brutes. In pain and hatred and pride, they describe a parabola as bold, but uninverted. The mouth of sculptured satyrs is generally of the first description. Contempt alone, of all the passions, had its distinct and well-known sign of complete distortion.

In detailing the characteristics of animal power or deficiency, Mr. C. stated, that nothing was more indicative of these contingencies than a firmly closed or a depending mouth. He instanced the effects of old age in augmenting the visibility of the latter feature, and appealed to medical men, whether the lapse of the lower jaw was not the most undeniable symptom of total exhaustion. Nor was it less a symptom of animal than mental debility, and naturally, as there is a constant action and reaction between the organization of the body and the construction of the mind. He observed that nothing could be more true, though the axiom was connected with ludicrous association, than that a fat and double chin was a pledge and consequence of animal indulgence, and vice versa. The proverbial remark, relative to stiff and flexible necks, was equally antique and accurate. A short neck was indeed a medical symptom. The same scale of degrees, deducible from the pure model of the Greeks as a standard, might be formed with regard to the chin as the forehead. The ideal chin was nearly rectangular; and it was curious that the chin of the Negro, the Peruvian, and the monkey, diverged progressively from this standard, projecting and slanting forward at a different angle from the European, according to the rank in the scale of refinement. Lavater had, indeed, before observed, that a projecting rectilinearity of chin, like those of Gray and Voltaire, denoted oppressive ardency and unconquerable perseverance; and that a chin retiring towards the throat indicated phlegm and incapacity. In the latter instance, it coincided with the retiring and projecting forehead. Mr. C. said, he did not profess to reduce physiognomy to science by this mechanical arrangement, but rather to chalk out the ground-plot of such a superstructure. Nor did he assume to himself any merit of originality. If he had rendered the theory more universally intelligible, by a more methodical and harmonious arrangement than hitherto attempted, —it was all he conceived necessary. One thing was certain, from a survey of it, that there existed *real characters* in Nature, associated with ideas, with motives, with passions, and with powers. It was a mistake, however, to imagine, that Lavater was the Father of Physiognomy. It had been regularly professed by the Platonic School, and the tract of Cornelius Agrippa on the subject, had evidently furnished Lavater with many of his axioms, as well as his arrangements.

He concluded with remarking the physiognomical effects of society and education, arguing that man was a mechanical being, moulded to action by first impressions, which governed the will by means of the opinion; and predicting the beneficial effects which would result from a system of education, capable of directing and calculating the consequences of every external impulse from infancy to manhood.

* Walker's Archives.

* Walker's Archives.

TRIUMPH OF WESTMINSTER.

Saturday week a numerous assemblage of Electors dined at the Crown and Anchor, to commemorate the Fifth Anniversary of Sir Francis Burdett's Election. Sir Francis Burdett was in the Chair.

After the cloth was removed, the first toast given by the Chairman was,

"The Regent—and may he bear in mind the declaration of the Prince of Wales, 'that the Crown is held in trust for the benefit of the People.'"

This toast was drunk with some applause, and the music struck up the tune of "God save the King."

Sir F. BURDETT said, that although in the toast he was about to propose, he necessarily felt deeply impressed with the virtues and abilities of the person to whom it related, still he thought the exercise of those virtues and abilities was too recent in the recollection of all those who were present, to render it fit or necessary for him to go into any common-place eulogium on the merits of a departed friend; although, on such an occasion, it would certainly be excusable. But when he mentioned the man, he called on the independent Electors of Westminster to do justice to the imperishable name of the greatest and wisest (he firmly believed) of the friends of freedom in this country. The Hon. Baronet then gave—

"The Memory of that true Patriot, who, for upwards of 50 years, advocated the People's Cause—John Horne Tooke."—(With three.)—Tune, 'The Dead March.'"

Mr. STUART having dwelt upon the importance of the example which the Electors of Westminster held out to the country, gave the next toast, "Westminster's pride, and England's hope,—Sir Francis Burdett."—This toast was received with the usual applause.

Sir FRANCIS BURDETT said, that he should be insensible, indeed, to any of those common feelings which operated on the human breast, if he did not feel, in the strongest degree, gratitude towards the Electors of Westminster, and devotion to their interest and the public cause, in return for those genuine marks of affection and esteem which he was so fortunate as to have uniformly received from them and the public at large.—Calamitous as was the situation of the country, he conceived little satisfaction could be derived from reflecting on public affairs: but he confessed he felt very great satisfaction, in having an opportunity of addressing so respectable, so numerous, and so enlightened a body of his Constituents; those sentiments, which, unfashionable as they appeared to be in many other places where one should suppose they would be received with congenial feelings, he did experience much gratification in avowing, before an assembly, where public virtue, public feeling, and the consideration of public duty, were not extinguished.—(*Hear, hear!*)—It was often his lot, in the performance of his duty, to address a number of gentlemen, whose feelings appeared to be of a very different description. Mr. Sturch, had represented his (Sir Francis Burdett's) services in a light extremely flattering. At the same time, he was perfectly aware, that, in his representations, more ought to be attributed to his partiality, and to the indulgent medium through which he was inclined to view his exertions, than to any possible advantages which he could render to his Constituents, or the public in general, under the present circumstances of the country. The worthy gentleman had alluded to what passed on Thursday last, in the House of Commons; and had done him the honour to agree in his sentiments, that, without certain great public measures, the old sham miserable pretence of benefitting the public by any change in Administration, would be found illusory. Now, the measure he proposed, and on which he would stand, was this, that no Administration should be formed, except on the principle of redressing the Grievances of the Public—of cutting off and stopping the profligate Expenditure of the Public Money (for instance, the paying of unmerited Pensions, and the granting of Sinecure Place to worthless individuals); that no Administration should be tolerated that did not proceed on the broad basis of universal rights,—that would not oppose the rights of the Constitution being withheld from any description of persons on account of Religious Opinions; together with this principle, which could alone secure the continuance of the benefits he had mentioned, or of any others which an Administration might bestow on the country, "a full and fair Representation of the People in Parliament,"—(*Hear!*)—to which he thought they were as well entitled as the King was to the Crown. It was part of the compact, it was part of the original agreement, when the Monarch ascended the Throne; and the People had as full and complete a right to it, as any individual had a right to his private estate; and, in one point of view, the claim might be considered more powerful, because it was most essentially connected with the happiness and prosperity of the country. By the recognition of that right alone could be supported the boast they were so fond of making, sometimes, he believed, without much consideration, that this was a free and independent nation. They were told in the Daily Papers, that the Administration was put an end to; and that the Regent had sent to my Lord this, and Mr. Such-a-one, to form a new one. Now those persons to whom he was obliged to apply, are, or suppose they will be, able to manage so much Parliamentary influence (that is, to command so many votes from rotten Boroughs) as would enable an *honest* King, and an *honest* Minister, to carry on the Government of the Country. It appeared to him that the King was degraded by such a proceeding as this. In point of fact, he was not the King—there was a Sovereign over him, whose will he was obliged to comply with, and to whom he was obliged to sacrifice (that he might be allowed to go on at all with his Government) the best interests of his People. For his own part, he should call the act of the Sovereign, in thus sending to such or such persons to form an Administration, a periodical abdication of the Government by the King. The great object which he ever had in view, was to endeavour to bind together the interests of the King and of the People; that they should be strong enough, united, to put down that Borough Faction, which, he again asserted, stood as Sovereign over both—to ruff down those *owls* and unclean birds that impudently sent themselves, cheek by jowl, on the same chair with Royalty. In following this course, though he was well aware he was not likely to obtain the applause of that description of persons who usually surrounded a King, and, for their own private purposes, (and generally to their own ruin) misguided and mislead him: but he had this consolation in his mind that he was doing that which every honest subject would do for his King—he was supporting his interests as much as those of the People at large. Sir Francis then called on the Country Gentlemen to come forward, observing, however, that if they did not chuse to shew themselves the advocates of their own and their country's rights, he had no doubt but the People, determined to be free, would act for themselves, and become their own leaders.—There was one point on which he had been misrepresented, and on which he particularly wished to be clearly understood. He did reprobate as a vile, base, and atrocious act, for one individual to take away the life of another by assassination. His feelings, however, on this subject were the same, whether the individual murdered was of high rank in the State, or the lowest person in the community. He held it, however, to be equally vile, base, and atrocious, for a Government to cause the lives of men to be taken away by any means which were not permitted by the law. He then referred to the riots which had taken place in many parts of the country, and contended that Government had the power of putting them down by constitutional means, and without calling in the military to shoot the rioters.

The next toasts which were give were,—

"The Navy—the Bulwark of a free Nation!" "Lord Cochrane, and his able exertions against our foreign and domestic enemies;" "the Army of England, and may it never be employed except against our foreign enemies;" "Mr. Brougham, the able opponent of the Orders in Council."

Sir F. BURDETT made apologies for the absence of Lord Cochrane and Mr. Brougham, who were prevented from attending by indisposition.

The next toast was,—"The Hon. C. Hutchinson, and the Friends of freedom in Ireland;" which was drunk with very marked applause.

Mr. HUTCHINSON returned his sincerest thanks for the honour which had been paid him, and congratulated the electors on the noble example they had held to the empire at large. He wished that periodical meetings of this nature should take place in other parts of the United Kingdom, and he was convinced that the Representatives would receive very useful lessons from such meetings with their Constituents. He thanked them much for coupling his name with that of the Friends of Freedom in Ireland; and it was a subject of common congratulation to see that Government was at length forced to attend to the situation of that neglected and much injured country. The affairs of Ireland had forced themselves at length upon the consideration of the Government, and this might teach the friends of freedom in other parts of the empire, that they need not despond.

"The Independent Livery of London, Friends to Parliamentary Reform," was the next toast that was given; and after that, the health of Alderman Wood.

Alderman WOOD returned thanks, and hoped that ere long the example of Westminster would be followed by the City of London.

Sir FRANCIS then gave as a toast "Mr. Fawkes and the Hampden Club," which was drunk with considerable applause.

Mr. FAWKES begged leave to return them his warmest thanks for the honour just conferred upon himself and the other Members of the Club. Like the worthy Baronet who filled the Chair, he felt a sincere conviction, that a thorough change in the system of Government was absolutely necessary before any rational hope could be entertained of benefit to the country from the exertions of any set of men, however good their intentions. From attentive observation, and deliberate reflection, he could conscientiously pronounce, that not even an honest man could do good to his country, until what was rotten in the State

should be previously and entirely removed.—(*Applause.*)—All he wanted, and all they wanted, was a complete restoration of that Constitution which their forefathers framed, and under which they intended their descendants to live—that *Constitution*, so often and so highly extolled in theory, but so strangely perverted in practice. He would ask every Gentleman before him, whether the period predicted by our greatest Statesmen had not now arrived, when the defective state of our Representation destroyed the wisdom and vigour which formerly existed in our Councils, and the noble and independent spirit which formerly animated the people to support the honour, and to promote the prosperity, of the Nation? From what he had witnessed for many years his prospects for the future would be gloomy indeed, were it not for the laudable spirit of freedom which he perceived to pervade the numerous company around him.—By their independent and honourable conduct they evinced to the world the purity of their motives, and regard for their liberties, in electing as their Representative that undaunted champion of Parliamentary Reform, Sir Francis Burdett; who, whether in or out of Parliament, steadily pursued that desired and vital object. A Reform in the House of Commons had been at all times his principal political object, because he thought that alone could effectually restore us the possession of our long lost liberties!—While speaking of Reform, he wished the company to understand that he meant no *partial* reform, but that *radical* reform so ably insisted upon by the Hon. Baronet. He wished to see the present system entirely eradicated. Some people expressed an apprehension, that a great change could not be effected without bloodshed; and, in support of their opinion, instanced the French Revolution. He, however, could adduce many instances of great changes having taken place without any commotion; and, with respect to the French Revolution, he would ask, whether that event ever would have happened, had the French King listened to the voice of his people? He wished that the extraordinary event of the French Revolution would operate as a wholesome example to other Governments, and induce them to destroy corruption, which was the sole cause of it, before it would be too late. What compelled a British Monarch (James the Second) to effect his escape upon the Thames by night, in disguise, *but the breaking of his word to his early friends,—a violation of his sacred promise?* The only thing the Ministers of the country had to do, to secure the affections of the people, was to be *honest*. Such was the opinion of the most eminent Legislators and Lawyers in the country, from Coke to Burke and Fox, and the Pilot who was pleasantly said to have weathered the storm; and notwithstanding all the Representatives of the people had done inimical to the interests of the country, were they only at present to profit by experience, and to attend to the voice of their Constituents for the future, all their misconduct would be forgotten, and the fidelity of the people to those who possessed their true interests at heart would be unlimited. If, however, the Representatives wholly disregarded the calls of the people, he was sorry to say that he saw nothing before him but cause for apprehension and dismay.

The next toast was,—"The veteran Advocate of Parliamentary Reform—Major Cartwright."—Major CARTWRIGHT returned thanks.

The following toasts were then drunk with equal applause:—"The abolition of Flogging—May the Defenders of the Land be relieved from the ignominy of the Lash." "The Liberty of the Press—it is like the air we breathe, if we have it not, we die." "Representation without Rotten Boroughs, Soldiers without Barracks, Defence without Foreigners, and Legal means of suppressing Riots without Military Executions."

About ten o'clock Sir F. BURDETT left the Chair, and the Company departed shortly after.

DANIEL ISAAC EATON.

On Tuesday, at twelve o'clock, Mr. Eaton was placed in the pillory, opposite Newgate, it being part of the sentence imposed on him for having published the Third Part of Paine's *Age of Reason*.—If Government possess a common portion of common sense,—to say nothing of humanity or justice,—this will be the last time they will have recourse to *such* an infliction for *such* an act.—No sooner was Mr. Eaton brought out from prison, than he was greeted by a distinct cheer of approbation, which was repeated every ten minutes during the scene; and when he had been exhibited an hour, he was reconducted to prison amidst the waving of hats and cheerings of the assembly!—During the period of his punishment, not a single voice or arm was raised against him;—on the contrary, those who were silent, appeared to take an interest in his sufferings; and those who spoke,—and there were many who did,—exclaimed against the harshness of the sentence, talked of its utter uselessness as to any good end, and of the folly of attempting to support the Christian Faith by the prison and the pillory.—And what was the consequence of subjecting Mr. Eaton to a punishment usually bestowed on the vilest of the creation? Why, a universal sympathy; and as soon as the scene closed, numbers flocked to Eaton's shop, in Ave-Maria-lane, to purchase the report of his Trial!—Such will ever be the case, when guilt and punishment are so apportioned,—when *error* (allowing it to be error) is treated as crime,—and when the putting forth speculative *opinions* merely is visited by penalties, rather than exposed and corrected by arguments.—This is the last remnant of the faggot and fire system.—Another generation or two, and it will only be known as having disgraced the 19th century.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

DEAR S——,—I am sorry to say I had like to have lost my life yesterday, and it was God's mercy that Mrs. ——, myself, and second son, were not killed. Going through Egham, on my way to ————, on business, I was overtaken in my gig by Mr. P——'s carriage, with four post horses, driving at the narrow entrance of Egham town, at a most furious rate, when my gig was struck with such force, as to overturn it, throw us out (although they had eighteen feet to pass me on their own side), and drove me into the mud.—It appears that Mr. P——'s carriage was rather late for the races, and was making all speed; but surely the thinking part of society are not to be run down with impunity by dashing coaches and four! Several respectable persons saw it, and cry shame on them.—What makes the matter still worse, there were two or three, if not more, ladies in the coach, not one of whom expressed the smallest uneasiness, or offered my wife the least assistance.—So much for the fashionable fine feelings of the female sex!—I have written to Mr. P——, and Mr. Charlton, of Hounslow, the Post-Master, and unless they make good the damage done to my new chaise, cause the post-boys to make me a public apology, and give 10*l.* to the poor of Egham in bread, I am determined to make the business the subject for a Jury of my Country, as I am very much bruised, and am forced to keep house, to the great injury of my business.—Your's truly,

May 26, 1812. R. W.

Tuesday afternoon, as Mr. Harris, a brewer, at Staines, and his wife, were returning from town in his chaise, the horse took alarm at the noise made by a travelling music c r, ran up a bank, overturned the carriage, and broke one of Mr. Harris's legs, and severely sprained the ancle of the other; from which Mr. Harris now lies in a dangerous state.—Mrs. H. escaped with only some severe bruises.

MARRIAGES.

On the 25th inst. at Mary-le-bone Church, Mr. James Miles, of Adam-street, to Miss Sarah Jones, of Great George-street, Portman-square.

DEATHS.

On the 24th inst. at Epping, Alfred, son of Isaac Payne, aged six years. This is the third child out of four, in the same family, that has been carried off, within these few weeks, by that dreadful disease the *croup*.

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